Mayor and Court to Rule a Public School

Principal Cronson Has Introduced a Miniature City Government Run by Pupils Themselves

Government without the consent of the governed has been abolished in the higher grades of Public School 125, 180 Wooster street. The benevolent autocracy maintained for many years by the teachers has been overthrown; a government of, for and by the pupils has been set up in its place.

The change did not come about through any rebellion by the students. Rather it was a voluntary abdication by the teachers of a large portion of their authority. Students and teachers are alike pleased with the change.

"It is the only school in the United States, or for all I know in the world," declares Principal Bernard Cronson, "in which the pupils enforce the discipline of the school. We are all proud of the workings of the system."

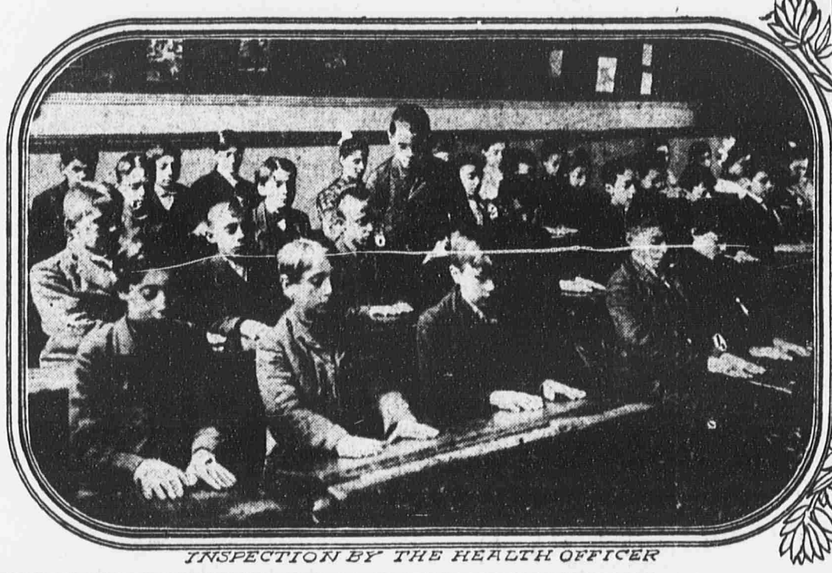
The sentiments of the principal are expressed with equal emphasis by a bright eyed, clear cut Italian boy, Giacomo Casale, 14 years old, mayor of the school city and successor to much of the power formerly exercised by the principal, and by little Miss Victoria Rafo, the chief justice, whose black eyes sparkle as she tells about the wonders they have performed.

These are two of 1,600 pupils drawn principally from a district between Wooster street and the North River. Almost without exception the parents of the pupils are poor and uneducated foreigners, unable, even if they had the inclination, to teach their children anything reliable about our form of government. Ninety-five per cent. of the pupils are Italians; most of the others are French, Russians, Syrians and Jews. There is not a child among them both of whose parents were born in this country.

"It is this ignorance of our institutions that makes our system of self-government more beneficial than it would be in most other schools," says Principal Cronson. "The ignorance of the children regarding the workings of our Government was astounding. It was to train them to be good citizens as well as to better the discipline of the school that we undertook the experiment. We have been elaborating it for three or four years."

The rights of the pupils are guaranteed in the charter of School City, an instrument duly executed by the principal, his assistant, Mr. Fox, and the teachers. By its terms each class constitutes a borough, and pupils are made citizens as soon as they attain the required proficiency in study and the proper standing in deportment.

The city has legislative, executive and judicial departments. The first is vested in a board of aldermen, made up of one member from each borough and empowered to make laws for the good of the school. The passing of regulations of athletic contests and entertainments, provision for cleanliness, preservation of books, papers, desks and other school property, rules affecting the deportment of scholars both in the school and on the streets is within in the aldermen's powers.



INSPECTION BY THE HEALTH OFFICER

The executive powers are exercised by a mayor and a cabinet appointed by him. He has a police department for the suppression of noises and disorder and the running down of truants; a department of public works to look after the property of the school; a fire department to prevent pupils from bringing matches into the building, keep inflammable materials away from gas jets, heaters and so on and assist the exit of the pupils in case of fire; a health department to enforce regulations regarding cleanliness, and an athletic department to encourage open air sports.

A chief justice and two associates are at the head of the judicial department. There is a prosecuting attorney, a jury when the accused desires it and regular forms of subpœnaing witnesses. The penalties that may be inflicted are reprimand by the court or principal, assignment of tasks, detention after school hours, loss of recess, suspension from citizenship, loss of citizenship and, finally, a recommendation to the principal for the culprit's punishment.

The police department is in charge of Rocco Montemora, who isn't much more than three feet high, but is of stocky build and has yet to fail in arresting the boy he goes after. Chief Montemora's greatest success has been in rounding up truants. He only gets the cases pronounced incorrigible by the school attendance officer, a man of middle age and experience, but he is sure to find the truant if he is still within the district. Only last week he brought to school a youngster who had played hookey for twenty-six days in succession. When he makes a final report on a case he has all information regarding the boy's habits, parentage and so on.

The health department begins work at the school assembly in the morning. When the children are all seated the department's special officers march up and down the aisles on the lookout for cases of unclean hands or faces or other untidiness. The child that is caught is served with a warrant before the next session of court and sentenced if found guilty.

Victoria Rafo, the chief justice, is a Portia of keen mind and bright wits. She has two of the brightest girls of the school, Adele Celio and Jennie Terrelli, sitting on the bench with her. It is useless for any of the scholars to attempt to deceive them. They have a knowledge of the Italian small boy that would be of advantage to many a Judge in the Children's Court.

Regular forms of warrants and subpœnas are filled out by the court. On the return day the chief of police and his assistants range the culprits in court. The court crier, a young miss with a piercing voice, opens proceedings with the historic "Hear ye! Hear ye!" Last week the first prisoner had committed the grave offence of laughing in the assembly room. The city attorney reads the warrant. The culprit pleads guilty.

"It isn't nice to giggle when our teachers are talking to us," declares Chief Justice Rafo in pronouncing sentence. "You disturb the rest of us and learn nothing yourself. This is your third offence and you go to the late room for three days."

THE COURT IN SESSION

OFFICERS OF THE SCHOOL

A youngster who is prosecuted for truancy gets a week in the late room with an admonition that he will never amount to anything unless he studies. He will never be any better than his bootblack of an older brother, she tells him. The boy takes his sentence and grins as he turns around. Quick as a flash the chief justice hales him to the bar again.

"You've got to come to school," she says, "and you've got to be polite after you come. You get two weeks now, one for truancy and one for contempt of court."

Another boy attempts to show that the charge against him is false. He wasn't playing truant. His mother sent him to a grocery store. The chief of police says he found him at home playing with blocks.

"Did it take you a day and a half to go to the grocery store?" inquires the chief justice. "Do you think a boy of your age should be playing blocks behind his mother's apron strings?"

The culprit finally confesses and receives his sentence contritely.

The gravest offence that has come before the court is the charge of one of the borough presidents that a boy organized a gang to throw stones at him. The defendant contended that the complainant was thrashing a smaller boy when he stepped in and hit him in the jaw. "Then," said the defendant, "the complainant pulled out a blackjack and tried to slug me. Of course, all my friends chipped in, and we sent him home crying."

There was so much conflicting testimony that even Miss Rafo couldn't get at the truth. She held a hurried consultation with the mayor and chief of police and adjourned the case for a week.

"They'll get at the truth of the case between them," said Principal Cronson, "and when they do they'll see to it that the boys who aren't telling the truth get a punishment that in their minds is much more severe than any the school could inflict. As a matter of fact, they find out things that would be far beyond the powers of any teacher to ascertain. In my opinion the court has not yet made an error of judgment."

Mr. Cronson says that the most encouraging thing about the system is the shame felt by pupils brought before the court and convicted. A reprimand from a teacher they might consider unjust; but when they are judged by their fellow pupils they feel the disgrace keenly. The teachers were afraid the system might provoke tale bearing, but they have taken pains to discourage this and have succeeded pretty well. They are confident that the standard of conduct within and without the school building has been greatly advanced by the new system.

THE TWO DEBTORS

And the Two Interpretations of a Dying Man's Accusation

For once, the course of justice seemed swift and sure. Within twenty-four hours after the assault and robbery, Chester Earle had recovered sufficiently to give a clue to the identity of the perpetrator of the double crime. As a result, Egbert Lewes was arrested by the police.

At first the young man protested his innocence vigorously, but when search of his rooms disclosed a sealed package containing the unique and priceless gems that had been stolen, he took refuge in gloomy and steadfast silence. Inevitably, he was committed without bail to abide the result of Mr. Earle's injuries.

The end came in two days. After having breathed his accusation, the old bachelor never spoke again. The terrific blow on the back of his head produced an increasing lesion, bringing unconsciousness, stupor, death.

The facts of the crime were not complicated. Mr. Earle, an elderly dilettante, had come to town to exhibit privately the collection of gems which had made his name famous. Relying, so it was said, on the fact that he had kept his purpose secret, he had brought the jewelry with him; and, at the time of the attack, was engaged in brushing and polishing them in his hotel parlor.

No suspicious person was seen about the house that day, and in all probability the crime would have remained a mystery had not Mr. Earle caught a glimpse of his assailant in the mirror as he approached from behind with uplifted bludgeon.

Directly after the death Judge Josiah Marcellus filed the decedent's will at the Surrogate's Court and began probate proceedings. By the terms of this document the estate was bequeathed share and share alike to the twin daughters of Mr. Earle's deceased sister upon their reaching the age of 21 years. In case of the death of either during minority, the survivor took the whole.

Flossie and Constance Fielding, popularly called the Fielding twins, were as different in temperament as they were alike in appearance; the former being light hearted, frivolous, fond of pleasure; the latter intellectual, reserved, inclined to melancholy.

A difference fully as marked showed in their dress, which was as exuberant in the one as it was restrained in the other. Their many friends approved of this exception to the proclivity of twins to similar clothing, alleging that otherwise it would be impossible to tell them apart.

Mr. Beavers, Judge Marcellus's junior partner, returned duly from his professional visit to the Earle homestead to find that eminent jurist much perturbed in mind. Mrs. Cynthia Lewes had just called upon him, urging him by their long intimacy to undertake the defence of her only child.

Reckless and wild as she admitted Egbert had always been, lavish in expenditures, burdened with debt, she yet could not believe him capable of robbery and murder. The case, however, looked so black to the Judge that he turned with relief from his discussion of it with Abe Cronkite to greet his young associate.

"Well, Beavers," began the Judge, "did you serve the various citations?"

The junior partner consulted his memorandum book.

"I served the following named beneficiaries," he answered formally. "Miss Anne Cousins, a distant relative, who has acted as housekeeper for many years; Mark Sewell, M. D., the family physician and friend; Moss, the butler; four serving maids in employ at the time of the death, and Miss Constance Fielding, a residuary legatee."

"And my pretty Flossie, of course," added the Judge.

"No. Miss Flossie Fielding is very ill, threatened with brain fever. I was unable to see her. That completes the toll, sir, I think, except——oh, yes, except Kepples, the gardener. He was discharged a day or so since for inebriety and has gone to parts unknown."

"Hum," meditated the Judge, "I am sorry to hear this about Flossie; I suppose the shock was too much for her. She has always been a favorite of mine, so blithe, so friendly—such a contrast to her sister. Not dangerous, I hope, Beavers?"

"Dr. Sewell, a most admirable man, sir, it seems to me, told me confidentially that unless there was improvement in a week, he feared for the worst. She is delirious, but——"

"I beg pardon," interrupted Abe Cronkite, "but was this doctor—Sewell is the name, is it? Yes? Well, was this Dr. Sewell intimate with Mr. Earle?"

"The doctor is engaged to Miss Constance Fielding," explained the Judge somewhat pompously, "with the entire approval of Mr. Earle, who entertained the highest regard for him——"

"Then likely enough, sir, he attended Mr. Earle after the assault."

"Indubitably he would have done so, had he not been out of town. And now, Beavers, if Cronkite is quite through with his digression, you were saying——"

"I was about to say that Miss Constance does not yet realize her sister's critical condition. On account of the close bond between them it has been thought prudent to keep them apart——"

"Yes, yes; time enough for the young to fear the worst when the worst must be feared. Did you hear anything about Lewes, Beavers? I am constrained to take an interest in him."

"Nothing in his favor, sir. It seems, according to Miss Cousins, that he and Miss Flossie had been carrying on a secret flirtation. It is her idea that Mr. Earle must have just learned of it in some way; since, otherwise, how could he have recognized him and given his name to the police——"

"Beg pardon again," interposed Cronkite, "but I really think, sir, that it would be well for me to go down there and look around. Since Kepples, the gardener, has thrown up his job, I might take it up, with your recommendation——"

"Ah, Cronkite," said the Judge with a sorrowful shake of the head, "I am so accustomed to your habit of thought that I apprehend the inferences you have drawn. They are not unwarranted, I fear.

"As I warned Mrs. Lewes, my duty toward Egbert cannot interfere with my duty toward all those affected by Mr. Earle's death. As his executor and trustee, it is my first duty to bring the truth to light

"Go down there, then, and if it does turn out that this wretched boy got his information in regard to the jewels from that silly girl, neither of them, alack, can be much worse off than they both are at present."

II.

Dr. Sewell came down from the sickroom, and hurried through the grounds with an impatient glance at his watch. There was a look of trouble on his face, unusual in one of his calm nicety; and when he heard the call of a familiar voice he ground out an oath before he turned with a smile, somewhat strained and fixed.

"Were you leaving Dark," cried Constance Fielding, peremptorily, "without telling me about dear Flossie?"

The man controlled himself with a strong effort.

"Forgive me, Constance," he replied. "Had there been any change I would have waited. But I am expecting a patient on this train for a most important consultation——"

"But you look so worried," persisted Constance.

"Not about Flossie, believe me. A physician, as it is your fate to learn, has many, many cares, my dear girl. With perfect rest and seclusion for a few days longer I think I can safely promise that you shall see—— Who is that fellow over there, Constance?" he demanded abruptly, almost fiercely.

There was a tinge of melancholy in Constance Fielding's brown eyes, a shadow perhaps cast before, as she replied without comment.

"He is the new gardener, Mark—a simple German, scarcely able to speak a word of English."

"Aye, but he might hear. Forgive me again, Constance; I am hipped, unstrung, from overwork, for lack of sleep. There is the whistle now. This evening I will explain——" And he dashed away through the windings of the garden, leaving the girl with the shadows over her brown eyes deepening into pain.

A dapper little man with a sharp white face and black spiked mustache leaped nimbly from the train and joined the doctor. In their five minutes walk to the cozy cottage not a word was said, but when they were behind closed doors in the office, with the shades drawn and the droplight burning, Sewell seemed to lose all self-restraint.

"Did you get it, Raynier? Have you sold them?" he cried pacing to and fro. "My God, man, don't you see that I'm half crazy with suspense——"

"You're a big fool," retorted the other composedly; "as big a fool as you are knave. Did I get it? No, not one picayune. Have I sold them? No, not the millionth part of a carat. Do I, Adolph Raynier, recognized as expert of experts in Rio, Cape Town, Amsterdam, do I look like a dealer in paste?"

"You don't mean——"

"I mean, you clumsy dolt, that the gems you brought me for debt and future advances are nothing more nor less than a clever imitation of the famous Earle collection. Oh, it didn't take me long to learn that he once sent such a replica over to the Paris Exposition——"

Sewell's lips ran blood.

"That is why he didn't take any precautions——" he gasped.

"Yes," returned the other imperturbably. "Lack of precaution entails suffering. Take your own case for instance.

"I had such confidence in you as a man who could achieve that I offered, I would have abided by, terms most liberal. Now it is different—you muddle—you involve yourself in ruin inextricable.

"Cash down then in full, I say, with fifty thousand as a solatium for loss of faith, chagrin—or well, what I know the prosecuting officer, he also shall know."

"But, Raynier, be reasonable. In six months I will be married, my future wife, as you know, is wealthy in her own right. Meanwhile you shall have your bond, if you insist on grinding an old friend and associate into the dust. Oh, I could kill you——"

"Only you know I am too well armed to make the attempt, eh, my good Mark? No, there is not sufficient. The estate may deteriorate. If the gracious Constance were to take all, perhaps——"

"Confound that girl Flossie," muttered Sewell, hugging himself as if from cold. "I had hoped she might make a die of it, but the delirium is lessening, she has the constitution of a horse——"

"As you have of an ass, my friend. You couldn't earn your salt as a confidential family physician in Mexico——"

"Ah, I remember what you told me on your return," whispered Sewell awedly. "Tolvache——"

"Yes, it rendered the Empress Carlotta hopelessly insane, but in a case of brain fever—well, the disease would run its course and terminate fatally."

"And you have some in your town rooms——"

"Yes, and if you look sharp you can get it and be back in time to administer a first dose to-night, as evidence of good faith. Meantime——"

"Meantime, you——"

"Meantime, I will take my ease in your comfortable quarters, my good Sewell, making estimates, shall I say, for the coming year."

With the distracted air of one impelled by some remorseless power, Sewell hurried away. Raynier looked after him amusedly, and then sauntered into the back room. As he drew the curtain, its heavy folds were suddenly, swiftly, bound over and around his head, and, as if by some remorseless power, he was hurled helpless to the floor.

III.

Constance Fielding touched the button on the library desk, and told the answering servant to send Schmidt, the gardener, up to her.

"You have something you want to say to me, Schmidt?" she began graciously.

"Yes, miss," returned the somewhat stolid looking, middle aged man, without a trace of his former difficulty in speaking, "I wish you to read this letter."

The girl pondered for a moment without commenting on the startling intelligence she had received. When she looked up she was pale, but her gaze was steady and brave.

"You are Judge Marcellus's confidential man, Mr. Cronkite," she breathed. "You are investigating the murder of my uncle, and only a vital crisis will cause you to reveal your identity to me. What is it?"

"Did Mr. Earle ever have a replica of his gems made, miss?" the detective asked.

"Yes. I had forgotten all about it, but he sent such an imitation in paste to the Paris Exposition. They were wonderfully like. He kept them in the upper right hand drawer of that cabinet."

"Are they there now?"

One hasty glance and the girl turned paler than before.

"They are gone," she faltered, "Gone! What does it mean?"

"Your uncle took them with him to town. He was examining them when he was struck. His assailant mistook them for the real."

"That wretched Lewes! To have murdered, so cruelly, so wantonly, for worthless baubles."

"No, the gems found in the sealed package in Mr. Lewes's room are the genuine ones. They have been tested."

"Wait a moment." The girl was on her feet, trembling violently, her hand extended, as one may reach in the dark. "You are trying to warn me, to lead me," she pondered. "If the murderer took the imitation, if Lewes had the real, then Lewes is not the murderer. Who killed my uncle?"

"Softly, slowly, miss. Crime must be detected on tiptoe. Suppose we dispose of Lewes first. He is a weak, indulgent fellow, harried by debt, desperate for any sort of help: but more prone to receive than to seek it. Suppose, then, a rash, impulsive, loving girl, tortured by his distress, deceived by his specious assurances that it could only be temporary, had placed property not her own, valuable property, in his hands to be used as a pledge, believing that in a few days it would be returned and no one the wiser——"

"Oh, never: never! You must not suggest——"

"Would not the shock of a tragedy, terrific in its suddenness, and seeming to spring directly from so venial a fault, drive such a poor creature, ill, distraught——"

"Not Flossie! No, not my Flossie!"

"She had access to the collection?"

"Yes, but——"

"She was unaware of your uncle's intentions to exhibit——"

"Yes: yes, but——"

"He told you of them——"

"He told me of them, it is true——"

"And you shared this confidence with——"

"Ah," screamed the girl, "you villain! I felt, I knew what was coming! Don't you dare, don't you dare say——"

"I will not say: though I know a man who, if in like financial distress, would not wait to receive. He would take——"

"It is false—I love him."

"Put him to the test, then—that is all I ask."

"He needs no test——"

"You won't? Not even to save your sister from danger?"

"Flossie, my other, my sweeter, self—it can't be! She is improving——"

"Why have you been kept from her, except for fear that she might say something before she died? Did you never hear of the wish being the father of the thought?"

"The test—the test—tell me——"

And then Cronkite told what evil was impending, and what she should do to avert it.

IV.

When Sewell returned to his office he found, instead of Raynier, a stately old gentleman awaiting him. It was Judge Josiah Marcellus.

"I want to take advantage of my presence in town, doctor," the Judge explained, "to consult you professionally."

Though apprehensive of the unknown in whatever guise it appeared, the doctor bowed a grave assent.

"My confidential man rather insists on this inquiry," the Judge continued, "for I am so old fashioned as to be inclined to think it whimsical and far fetched. However, I recognize the progress that has been made in knowledge of obscure diseases. Take, for instance, morbid conditions of the brain, arising from some acute cause, such as shock or injury. The borderland of insanity, I think I may admit, is not the undiscovered country it once was?"

Not liking the trend of the inquiry, yet liking less to show his distaste for it, the physician murmured a concurrence.

"My man, then, claims that the brain, though delicate, has great tenacity of purpose. Injured, it yet attempts to do its duty like a faithful servant. It may perceive clearly, yet be so jarred and out of gear as to execute imperfectly. Hence, it does not always follow that because the words uttered are a ridiculous jumble there may not be intelligent thought, impressive truth, back of them."

"That is true," reflected Sewell, "the faculty recognizes a state of mental disorder where the sufferer from it says one thing while meaning quite another. It is called heterophemy."

"He may say quite the reverse of what he means."

"Certainly."

"Or he may reverse the word or words which he means to say; and his persistence in repeating a single word, say, would show that he realized his error and strove to rectify it."

The doctor moved uneasily in his chair.

"It may be so," he admitted with a desperate air, but what of it?"

"This," said the Judge, rising as if to impose a sentence. "That out of your own mouth are you condemned! 'Lewes, Lewes, Lewes,' my poor friend Earle kept reiterating when pressed to disclose his assailant; giving the name of a stranger when he meant——"

"When he meant to give whose?"

"Reverse 'Lewes' and find out. You wretch, he meant to give yours!

"'Tis a damnable lie—a vile slander from an innocent coincidence——"

"What is this slander, Mark, that excites you so alarmingly?" asked a voice, pregnant with grief; and a girl in black, with livid face and tear rimmed eyes, stepped into the room.

Sewell wiped his brow.

"My God, Constance, is it you?" he stammered. "This dotard here has dared accuse me of your father's death——"

"And if he accused you of attempting to murder my sister Flossie not an hour since, what then?"

"I don't think I understand," hesitated the man, tugging at his throat. "You say—you say——"

"I say, Mark, that when you gave this vial to your patient, advising her to take it privately, you gave it to me. I had removed Flossie from danger; I had taken her place."

That hardihood under stress of circumstances which had nerved the doctor's arm to strike a murderous blow now came to his aid.

"Poof," he said airily, "you know you wouldn't have the heart to tell such a story against me, Constance. And as for the Judge's enigma, why, he had best send it to some juvenile magazine. There is no proof——"

"No proof," thundered the Judge, "when my man overheard your talk with your accomplice? When that miscreant has confessed?"

And even as he spoke the curtains over the door in the rear parted and Cronkite entered with Raynier cowering in his grasp.

AN ARMY MAN ON FOOTBALL.

VIEWS OF A WEST POINTER WHO WAS AN EXPERT AT THE GAME.

Lieut. Farnsworth Talks of the Ten Yard Rule and Other Changes Made by the Rules Committee—Favors Seven Men in Line With Six Yard Gain Required.

There have been published from time to time the views of former Yale players, Harvard players, Princeton players and Pennsylvania players regarding the best way to improve football. This article contains the views of a former West Point player. Lieut. E. E. Farnsworth, U. S. A., now stationed at Fort Hamilton, played football for ten years, first at school and five years at West Point. He filled every position on an eleven and at West Point played tackle, end and halfback and was captain of the team in his last year.

"The experience had from following the evolutions of the game through twelve years," he says, "is that it was designed with the idea of keeping the seven line men in line. I remember that when I first started out the game was to hit the ends of the line, with an occasional plunge at the centre. That was, before we got down to the grinding mass plays.

"Nevertheless there is a limit to open play, and I don't believe in rules that would restrict the game to star end runners. That, it seems to me, is what the new ten yard rule will bring about. I think the development of heavy men is as needful as the development of light men, and the agitation that would make heavy men of little value to a team goes too far. Keeping the seven line men in line until the ball is put in play and requiring a gain of six yards in three downs would, I believe, be the best means of bringing about the changes in the game desired. The ten yard rule will discourage mass plays, but I don't think it will attain the whole object expected as the seven men in line and six yard advancement would.

"However, there is no doubt that the ten yard rule will tend to produce faster backs. A fast backfield will be the first requisite under the rule. That will mean lighter men, as a rule, and, as I said, I see no reason why there should be a game that puts a discount on the development of heavy men. It is hopeless to think that ten yards can be made by straight plunging, and a good point about the ten yard rule is that it will produce much kicking. A good punting game is a good game to watch and a mighty hard game to play. It takes proficient men to handle kicks properly, I can tell you, and the skill needed to handle kicks is a thing to be encouraged.

"It occurs to me that with the rule allowing one line man to drop back, five yards back if he is one of the five centre men, teams still will undoubtedly try to use the line man in ground gaining plays. You've got to have some one to rely on when you're within striking distance, either a good drop kicker or a line bucker.

"Now, regarding the rule requiring only six men to remain in the line on the defence. Under the ten yard rule the attacking team is bound to hit the opposing ends. The new game will develop strong ends for defensive work in particular, and it's a cinch that the man who drops back from the defending line will not be a tackle or end. The ends will have to guard the extremities and the tackles, having the hardest position in the line to play and covering the most ground of any line man, cannot afford to leave their positions.

"It will be either a guard or the centre man who will drop back, and the defence will be weakened only to a small extent. The pulling back of a line man will mean that the second line of defence will be proportionately strengthened. There will have to be a redistribution for the territory covered by the three centre men, so that it can be covered by two, and the full back could easily guard the weakened spot. Just which man will be pulled back depends a good deal on the characteristics of the man, what kind of a defensive player he may be. There will not be need to change the work of the line men much, except to develop a line man who is strong on secondary defence.

"Theoretically, the new rules will call for a fast, aggressive line. That has always been the case, but it will be more essential now than before. The neutral zone scheme ought to prevent a good deal of unnecessary roughing of the centre, though it is not a radical departure. I have seen teams that played an absolutely clean game in scrimmages and indulged in no monkey business, yet played a hard game. There's a big difference between hard playing and dirty playing.

"The new rules prescribing severer penalties for foul tactics will call for a first class man for umpire. They will cut out slugging and other foul practices, but there's a certain brand of hard playing that is not dirty playing that some umpires object to. The game is meant to be played hard. Those who take part in football are trained for hard knocks, or ought to be. The new rule forbidding checking the runner with the arm thrust out is an excellent one. The most disagreeable sensation I ever experienced in football was when an opponent jammed his forearm against my throat, and it is well that that sort of thing has been forbidden.

"The forward pass? It is hard to say at first thought whether or not they will be used often. I look for them to be used to about the same extent as trick plays have been used. There is a certain calibre of teams that rely on trick plays a good deal against stronger elevens, and these are apt to try the forward pass a good deal as they do trick plays. Between teams of equal ability the forward pass won't be used so much. If the forward pass is successful it will mean a big advantage, but it is a question whether the risk will not be even greater than the advantage. One thing is sure, the team that can perfect long passes will be greatly benefited by the forward pass.

"The rule that prevents a man who is downed from wriggling along the ground is a good one, but if a man who is carrying the ball slips without being tackled he ought to be allowed to pick himself up and keep on. As to the kicked ball which strikes the ground before caught being either side's ball, that also is a good departure. It will make clean handling of the ball. Thirty minute halves are all right, too. An hour is plenty in which to demonstrate superiority.

"I for one am opposed to any changes that will take away the essential features of the game as they now exist. Football is the best game that is played to-day, the best developer. It develops the body and mind at the same time, the different functions all at once. I have no sympathy for a great deal of the agitation against football, the unwarranted agitation, of which there has been much. I know that I played football for ten years and never was hurt to amount to anything."

PRETEND TO OPERATE.

STORIES OF PLACES.

Fake Surgery Tried With Success in Some Cases of Hallucination.

According to a Detroit surgeon, there are many sane persons who, believing that they are threatened with some dangerous disease, insist on undergoing severe operations in order that their lives may be saved.

"We do not really perform these operations," he explains in the *News-Tribune*, "but I have assisted at many imaginary ones to gratify the whim of a patient suffering from some form of hysteria.

"We had a young girl here a year ago with a most obstinate attack of hysteria which took a very curious form. She would never lie down in her bed, but invariably sat bolt upright with her back against the foot rail, constantly turning her head from side to side like an automaton.

"I had watched her do this many times, and one day I asked her why she continued it, to which she replied that there was a string in her head which pulled it from side to side, and that until it was cut she would have no rest.

"This remark gave me an idea, and I asked if she would allow me to examine her head. She was perfectly willing, and after an inspection lasting twenty minutes I gravely announced that she was quite right, and that the only cure was a slight operation in order to sever the string.

"She clapped her hands with delight like a child and declared that it was what she had told several doctors, but that they had all laughed at her. Would I perform the operation at once? I thought it better, however, to defer doing so until the morning, after I had consulted the visiting surgeons.

"Having explained the circumstances, the imaginary operation was agreed upon, and the following morning the young woman was led into the surgery, placed upon the operating table and anæsthetics were administered. Part of her luxuriant brown hair was cut off and a portion of the back of the head two inches above the nape of the neck was shaved smooth.

"Then, in order that there should be something to show for the imaginary operation, the scalp was lanced until the blood ran, leaving a cut about two and a half inches in length. This was bound but not strapped and the patient was conveyed back to her bed, where she remained for forty minutes before returning to consciousness.

"Meantime I had taken a piece of an ordinary E violin string about four inches long and soaked it in water until it resembled a raw sinew, the object of this, of course, being to show the patient the actual string taken out of her head. When she returned to consciousness she was told how entirely successful the operation had been and shown the string which had been the cause of all her trouble, after which she fell into a natural sleep and awoke perfectly restored. From that day to this she has been entirely cured of her hallucination."

One Swineherd to a Village in Servia—Drying Milk in Australia.

From the Chicago Daily News.

In any Servian village there is only one swineherd, and he leads all the pigs of the community. In the morning he goes through the streets blowing his horn and the pigs come out of their own accord and fall in behind him and follow him to the pasture. At night he brings them home and they disperse to their sties in the same orderly way as they pass the houses to which they belong. They require no attention and no singling out.

Australia has adopted the system of drying milk. The milk is dried between steam rollers and sold as a powder, from which nothing but water has been extracted and to which nothing but water requires to be added to make wholesome, clean and sterile milk. A leading medical officer is reported to have said that the adoption of dried milk at some of the asylums for consumptive patients and in general hospitals has proved a success.

This winter the Norwegians have varied the excitement of ski running by yoking the runner to a motor cycle by a long leather strap, which he grasps with his left hand. The speed attained is enormous and great skill is required to avoid being pulled over, as the body is apt to outrun the feet. The pastime is growing very popular.